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Come to Me.

Come to me, come to me, O my God;
Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean Thee, and the grassy sod,
And the water and the air!

For Thou art so far that I often doubt,
As on every side I stare,
Searching within, and looking without,
If Thou art anywhere.

How did men find Thee in days of old?
How did they grow so sure?
They fought in Thy name, they were glad and bold,
They suffered, and kept themselves pure.

But now they say—neither above the sphere,
Now down in the heart of man,
But only in fancy, ambition, or fear
The thought of Thee began.

* * * * * * *

But *He* said that they who did His word
The truth of it should know:
I will try to do it—if He be Lord,
Perhaps the old Spring will flow;

Perhaps the old Spirit-wind will blow
That he promised to their prayer;
And doing Thy will, I yet shall know
Thee, Father, everywhere!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Things that Cannot be Shaken.

A SERMON BY
THE REV. S. A. BROOKE, M.A., LL.D.

It is said by many now that the hopes and faiths of Christianity have perished; that the cause of Christ is lost; that he himself no longer leads humanity; and some, through anger with religious tyranny; and some through envy of Jesus himself because he is extolled by men; and some through conviction of the evils which have been linked to Christianity and through forgetfulness of its good; and some through an intellectual loathing of the miraculous which has been bound up with it; and some through weariness of doctrine and discussion; and some through a general indignation with everything in life—Christianity especially included — because, first, it meets the misery of life, they think, so boastfully and yet so inadequately; and, secondly, because it extends life, the great horror, beyond this world—have, one and all, in impatient search for something better, and something new, thrown overboard the whole of Christianity, repudiated Jesus as their leader, and cut away the present from the past. "Let us make," they cry, "a new channel altogether for the aspirations of men, a new foundation for their conduct," and they have chosen, for the most part, "sacrifice of self for humanity" as this new thing; and in reply to the objector who says, "Why, this is not new at all; it is the ground

doctrine of Christ," they call it by another name — Altruism or Humanitarianism — and think they have cleverly escaped the objection. But their main folly is their theory that the world needs something quite new, which shall ignore Christianity. Jesus himself was not a wild theorist like this. He did not think that he could make a new religion by the destruction of the old. What he did was to reverence the older truths and to develop them. "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil and fill up the law." But he did destroy those limitations of love in the popular Jewish religion which excluded the greater part of the world from God's tenderness; he did destroy those doctrines and ceremonies which the understanding had woven around the teaching of the Prophets and the Law, in order that they might be used by Church and State as instruments of spiritual tyranny. Creeds, confessions, doctrinal schemes, when they limit salvation to those who believe in their formulas, are not means of religion but of irreligion; are not the law of a Heavenly Father, but the tools of earthly tyrants. And Jesus did his best to destroy them; in fact, he hated them with a sacred hatred, and the effort he made, and the same effort made now, is called "destroying religion." Yet it was its refounding. And if we could only destroy now all exclusiveness in Christianity we should also refound it, and what is more, refound it on the foundation Jesus laid—God loves all men for they are his children; man is to love all men for they are his brothers in God. Never mind the cry raised against you that you are destroying Christ and his teaching. You are not: you are re-establishing it; and there is no time so good as the present for this work. But do not make the miserable mistake of separating yourselves from Jesus Christ and his teaching, because you are angry with religious teaching or weary or despairing of religion. In that teaching and in the following of that Master are contained the growth of the world and the progress of mankind. Those who divide themselves from him and his thoughts are so far dividing themselves from the main line of the development of humanity. They will be out of gear with the whole, they will set all their action and all their thinking awry; so that, however good the work of their lives may be, it will be hampered, troubled, more barren of results than it ought to be. So far as they do right, their ship will sail, but it will be without its mainsail, and the whole convoy of the ships of mankind will be forced continually to wait for them, or to go back for them—delayed in its voyage to the far-off port of peace and perfection by these men and women who have abandoned the greatest and the most universal, among many others, of the spiritual forces of humanity.

These are sayings which will seem audacious to many, especially to whose who think that all the intellect of the world is on the side of the denial of Christianity. I do not deny the intellect, but I do deny the good sense. To fling Jesus Christ away is an act of supreme recklessness. It can only be excused, if that can be called an excuse, by ignorance of the universal heart of humanity, by blindness to the radical necessity of human nature. Yet, these poor folk are not to be blamed for a blindness they cannot help. They are our brothers, children of the Father; and they will not be left in ignorance. And as to us, we need not be disturbed by their attack on Christ. I am quite content to leave the matter to the judgment of time and mankind. Let the next hundred years settle the question. But then we must not leave things as they are. When I talk of Christianity and of Christ, I do not mean orthodox Christianity or the orthodox Christ. I do not mean the Nicene Creed or the Westminster Confession, nor the sacerdotal schemes of the Roman or the Anglican, nor the horrors of the Calvinistic and Evangelical schemes where salvation and damnation walk hand in hand like two affectionate sisters. I do not mean the logical arrangements and wire fences of opinion out of which the soul is not to stir lest it be devoured of devils; nor do I mean the hoary superstitions brought from heathendom, like the doctrine of original sin, or the magical miracles wrought in the sacraments of the churches—things added to the teaching of Jesus by the cunning of men who desired power over the soul, things that, in their Judaic forms, Jesus rejected with wrath. I do not mean this any more than Jesus meant when he spoke of the "Law and the Prophets," to include in his speaking all the doctrinal schemes and ceremonies of the scribes and Pharisees.

I mean the teaching of Jesus Christ himself in the Gospels, and that teaching itself freed

from some of the superficial elements which, in the spiritual progress of man, have been found to be out of harmony with our loftiest ideal of the love of God, and with our knowledge of physical truth. Those elements are superficial, natural to the time, such as belief in a material hell and its endurance, belief in possession of demons, belief in miraculous violation of the order of Nature. These are nothing. We can lay them aside at once, and fall back on the deep spiritual foundations which Jesus laid, and to which he recalled the Jews. To these he would now recall us were he to appear again. Yes, the time has come for us to do as Jesus himself did. He cleared the Law and the Prophets of all the falsehoods, of all the limitations, of all the temporary forms, of all the cruelties with which the analysing understanding of men wild for logic, and wild with its pride and its desire of power, had clothed the ancient truths. He swept them all away. He revealed that which lay beneath the commandments and doctrines of men who had lost love in reasoning, and the sense of mercy in their greed for power. And the revelation of the simple and spiritual truths of love burnt up all the foolish work of the understanding and all the tyrannous exclusiveness of ecclesiastical power. He said, "There, behind all these matters of mere opinion which the priests and lawyers insist on as matters of religious life and death, but which are nothing at all in the spiritual world; behind all these rites and ceremonies which they impose on men as of first-rate importance, but which are mere mist and smoke which obscure the view of God—there, when these are gone, is the ancient truth." God loves you like a Father, love him like a child. Let each man feel his childhood, and then each man will feel his brotherhood. Live and die for God, live and die for one another. This is eternal life. That is the whole we need. Let all the rest perish now. It has served its day. Let the temporary die, let only the eternal live. Let the intellectual business die, let only the spiritual survive. This is the example we are to-day to follow: for indeed we have come to a time when religion, as much hampered with false and foolish trappings and as much injured by cruel doctrines and by oppressive limits as it was in the time of Christ, is struggling to get loose from its bonds. No one can mistake the cry which is rising from the world, for a religion which will call forth man's love of someone higher than himself; for those infinite truths of the Spirit which cannot be proved, but which may be lived, and which lead mankind beyond and above the world into the unlimited, the unknown, into the apparent impossibilities of perfection. What is against this cry are, first, the creeds, confessions, tests of belief, imposed on us from without as necessary to religion, and therefore intolerant of love; and, secondly, the doctrines which are incompatible with the known truths of science. These are the creation, not of the Spirit but of the dry logic of the schoolmen. They injure the conscience and the affections of men; they repress the free working of the love of humanity and of the spiritual life;—and our business is to weaken them and finally to destroy them as powers of the religious life. The tyranny they exercise is extraordinary, and penetrates into every act and thought of life. They would not make much matter if they were said to be what they really are—the work of the human intellect; if they were confessed to be the temporary clothing of everlasting truths. But they are said to be the very truth of God, and they are said to be eternal in their forms. And as such—and this is the tyranny, the cruelty and the oppression of them—those who do not accept them in the shape they are given are lost for ever, as if anyone—if God be a Father—could be lost for ever. These are the things which delay the resurrection of Christianity, which repress the desire of the world for religion, which are the enemies of the religious life in man; and whose influence is all the worse because they falsely say that they are vital to Christianity, and come from the mind of Christ. And when the world rebels against them, and the priests and elders cry out that the world is rebelling against Christianity in rebelling against them, the proper answer is, that the rebellion is on the side of Christ and for Christianity, and that the enemies of the rebellion are anti-Christ. Yes, these are the things which, when men bind them up with Christianity, calumniate Christ. What would he do with them were he to come now among us? He would sweep them all away as the doctrines of men, and he would show us behind them (and now obscured by them) the ancient truths of love which he delivered to a weary world.

(2) Then there are a mass of observances and rites and commandments about

spiritual matters which are often good in themselves, but which the moment they are imposed from without or joined to punishment, persecution, or spiritual threats, are turned into devilish instruments which Jesus would also sweep away, as, for example, he swept away the bitter observance of the Sabbath the moment it was used to injure the liberty or the good of man. What do you think he would say, to take an example in our day, of those who declare that unless a man is baptised he cannot be saved, or that if a man will not go to church he is going to hell, or that if he does not teach the Trinity he is divided from Christ? He would say of such persons that they were a generation of vipers. Of all that cruelty which, by insisting on the necessity for salvation of ritual and ceremony, lays a burden on men which cannot be borne by freedom; and which deepens the common suffering of the race by adding spiritual terror to natural pain—we are to clear Christianity, as Jesus would have cleared it. Nothing which enslaves the conscience, imprisons the reason, gives power to one class over the souls of another, makes the service of God a service of fear, binds the free movement of the soul in worship, condemns men as a part of religion, injures the sense of brotherhood, separates one man or one class or one sect from another, injures or divides the unity of humanity, sins by one grain of intolerance or exclusion against love of man, or is the cause of such sin, has anything to do with Christianity or has any part in Jesus Christ. Keep ceremonies and doctrinal forms as much as you please, but let them be the fresh outgrowth of your own inner life; keep them, but in readiness to change them in accordance with the moral and spiritual progress of mankind and of your own soul; keep them as useful for the outward shape of inward feeling; but the moment they become tyrannical over yourself or over others, the moment they divide you from others, the moment you feel inclined to make them absolutely needful for yourself or to impose them as needful on others—let them perish, destroy them, as Jesus destroyed those which existed in his time. Get back to the spiritual life, to love of God and of man, to union with a Father, to the upward welling of the whole soul to Him, to union with all mankind and love of all, no matter what faith or no faith they have. They are men, and God's children. That is all you need to know. They are destined, as you are, to immortal life with God. That is all you need for hope and joy. Let every form you use embody these universal truths. Then you may be sure that Jesus Christ is walking hand in hand with you; then you may be certain that you are a Christian.

(3) Then, again, there is the new aspect which doctrinal Christianity takes under the advance of knowledge. The whole scheme of the churches—of orthodox belief—rests on the truth of miracles. As historical criticism develops, the belief in the miraculous perishes; and men say that "Christ is put out of the world and Christianity is dead, because of this subsidence of the miraculous." Is that really common-sense? When you have put all miracles away, is the life of Jesus and its spirit less the ruling power of true life than before? Do we love him the less, and not more, when we find that he was not born in a way different from us? Is his death less beautiful, less powerful to waken high emotion? Does it less, and not more, contain the principle of sacrificing all for love and truth, which is the temper, and the possession of which is salvation? Does it less, and not even more, proclaim to us what is the true life of man? "He that loseth his life, as I do, the same shall find it!" Is the proclamation that Jesus is alive for evermore, that immortal life is true, less effective, less inspiring, when we do not believe in the actual deliverance of his body from the tomb? Is the man Christ Jesus less the son of man, and not more so, when we cease to think of the Incarnation as a miracle? Is he less near to God, less of the Prophet of Humanity, less our Master in the spiritual life, when his miraculous story is no more? Not less, I think, but more! Is the doctrine he preached—the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the immortality of the personal soul, the call to live as perfect as God, the ideal he conceived and lived, the call to love always and everywhere, the cry for meekness and mercy, for humanity, for purity of heart, for forgiveness, for endurance of persecution, for death rather than to do wrong, for repose in the performance of duty—are these less powerful because of the departure of miracle? No; were Jesus alive now and among us, he would say, only more intensely than of old, for the world wants it more, "No signs, no signs." These are the perishing elements of the world in popular Christianity, not the elements of Christ; the schemes of the

understanding, not the truths of love; the ritual of the past, not the revelations of the Spirit of God to the present; the superstitions and miracles which, once natural enough, are now against our knowledge of those ideas of God in the physical world which we call Laws. These (in which Christianity once was clothed) are perishing, but not the living body of Christ's truth underneath the clothing. Men who think the clothing is the body are crying out, "All is lost!" On the contrary, they should cry, "All is saved!" For man shall yet see the real body of Christ, the glorious form of Christianity, whiter than the light, more pure than the diamond, and at its feet, consumed by the joy of mankind, all the veils that shadowed it.

Of what is happening to us there is a fine symbol in the past—a symbol which is more than a symbol—for it is a part of history. The Disciples thought that in the bodily presence and human life of Jesus was all his power; that in his continued life was hidden the success of his mission. As the churches cling to creeds and ceremonies, so the Disciples clung to the material presence of their Master, to his material success. And when he died, and died apparently defeated, they cried out, "All is lost, his faith is overthrown." But they found that they were utterly mistaken, that all was gained not lost, that Christ was more alive than ever, that his faith was established, not overthrown. The loss of his material presence with a few was followed by the gain of his spiritual power with all; the loss of his voice in Palestine was replaced by his voice heard everywhere in the spiritual ear of mankind; the loss of his temporal life was succeeded by the gain of an ever present life within them. Well and justly (for he understood this, though they did not) did he say, "It is expedient for you that I go away." So did the outward perish that the inward life might grow; so did the material die that the spiritual might live; so did the particular fade away that the universal might take its place; so did the things that could be shaken and dissolved depart like a mist in sunlight, that the things which cannot be shaken (the life of the truths of the Spirit, those everlasting mountains, whose tops are in heaven but their roots on earth) might be seen supreme and pure. So men, driven out af the finite, found the infinite; driven out of the intellectual and moral forms of life found the spiritual, and with it infinite freedom of love and joy, immeasurable faith in love.

We, too, are told all is lost. On the contrary, all is gained, and the true life of Christianity is restored. Freed from these things, it will breathe again; delivered from what is now untrue and unfit for the life of man, saved from the dreadful doctrines which have been attached to it like curses, and which have made God a terror instead of a Father, and Jesus the king of a temporal and not a spiritual kingdom; one who wielded the sword of fear and no longer the branch of peace and the flower of love—Christianity will be seen as it is, as the consoler and the exalter of mankind. Its appeal will only be spiritual again, its home the heart of men, its doctrine such as will save and not destroy. That doctrine is the doctrine of love—that we should love God because He is love, and love men because they need love; and give to all and never take; and believe in the good of all men, for they are all finally to be good in God; and forgive all wrong done to us, for the injurer is so unfortunate; and lead all men into the infinite of Love. This is a doctrine which clashes with nothing good in the modern world, though it does clash mortally with all that is evil. That is not difficult to believe, though very difficult to act. But its difficulty makes the endeavour more glorious, and its gain makes men divine. It does not even clash with our friend science. It does not contradict any one of its known truths. All it does is to believe things of which science says that it knows nothing. But the ignorance of them science professes does not prove their non-existence. It leaves them alone as outside its methods, and it is quite right. It has nothing to say about them; they are matters of faith, and not of proof. All the argument in the world will not prove that God is in our hearts. No logical demonstration can be given of immortal life, the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man. The method of science or science itself has nothing to do with them. But the moral power which follows the belief in the doctrine of love that Jesus taught—power to save and bless men, the conquest of evil to good, the victory over the powers of the world and over death, the inward joy and peace and strength which follow on this teaching—these are facts, and if they do not demonstrate the doctrine of love, at least they manifest themselves as the greatest power for good that mankind can possess.

In conclusion, I repeat, what are these final truths? They are those for which Jesus lived, and for which he died. There is a Father in the universe, who is in the closest conceivable relation to every soul that feels, to every spirit that breathes a desire for good. This is a bond which never can be broken, and which assures the salvation of all from evil. Bound up with that, of necessity, is personal immortality, continued life, and progress. Death is but a step in that progress, and in that belief its fear is conquered. Then, the brotherhood of the whole race, and the duties of brotherhood, are, in this common union of all with God the Father, secured and demanded. In the community of this belief is the deepest and the most natural ground of human association—the only one which is absolutely free from all national or caste limitations. This double faith—Fatherhood, brotherhood—is bound up with Jesus, our brother, the Man who declared it in the best way, whom therefore we accept as Master on the earth, and whom we love with all our hearts as men love the captain who is one with his soldiers, who leads them always into good, and who dies for their honour and their salvation from wrong, captain of the host of those who cry, "One for all, all for one, all over the world." In that, in this love of Jesus, because of his gospel of Fatherhood and Brotherhood, and his life and death for this good news, there is a boundless fountain of the emotion without which human life is a desert. Then there is the ideal of life among men translated into work for man. And that ideal is this—Love one another even to the death; love by giving up all you have and are for the service of your brothers; love by sacrificing all your life for the sake of the great truths by which the human race advances; live to bless, and not to injure men; live outside of yourself at every point, and then, when love is perfect, you will be at one with God. That is the ideal of man's life with man.

Finally, when that is in progress in you, the noble faith will dawn upon you that this life is not all; that humanity here is but the shadow of the vast humanity beyond; that the race is to live for ever; that every personal soul, and the wondrous whole in it, is destined in God to move forward to eternal love and joy, to deepen into more and more of perfection, to redeem all evil, to accomplish all aspiration. This is Christianity, this is Christ. Nothing can destroy it. Its forms, century after century, will perish, but it abides for ever. In it the heart of God and man are One.

Our Symposium.

[Our Symposium is a private club or circle, as its members describe it,—clique or coterie as its critics stigmatise it,—consisting of five ministers living within a not unreasonable distance of each other and visiting in turn at the members' houses once a month. Drawn together both by ties of neighbourhood and certain affinities of thought and sympathy, they are yet as varied in their several characteristics as any five men in the community. Baldwin is a rhetorician, with a strong vein of practicability. Mapps hates rhetoric, and prides himself on a keen scent for the logic of facts. Harcourt is much given to small ecclesiasticisms, and would dearly like to be a Roman Catholic priest but for one or two trifling intellectual difficulties. Lee loves to be thought the advanced among the advanced; while Baxter declares there is as much cant about "advanced" thought as about the "sound views" of orthodoxy. They discuss all things under the sun, but the reports of their meetings taken down for the *Seed Sower* will be confined to matters of immediate interest in our own church life].

Scene.—Baldwin's Study at the top of an old-fashioned house overlooking a pleasant garden.

Baldwin, addressing Baxter, who has just come in and thrown himself disconsolately into an easy chair: "Why so pale, fond lover? Fond lover, why so pale?" What has vexed thee, man?

Baxter: Pale, vexed, indeed! Look here. You know I am Secretary to our District Association, and that we have nine aided churches on our funds. Well, sir, some wiseacre on our committee, instead of letting things alone, must needs propose that we have a census taken on a given Sunday of the attendance at our aided churches, and here is the result *(flourishing a bundle of papers).* May our wiseacre have joy of it!

Mapps: Is it so very bad? Let us have the figures.

Baxter: The figures are not lively. At the morning services of five out of the lot the attendance, including the choir, was in no case higher than 17, while the evening attendance was under 22. The other four average about 21 for the morning and 37 for the evening. These nine churches are helped to the extent of £240

a year from our funds, in addition to grants from the B. and F. And then we crow about the wonderful progress of modern thought! Looks like it, don't you think?

Mapps: Do you think it was quite fair to census the aided churches alone? Some of the self-supporting ones might not tell a better tale.

Baxter: That's so, but at any rate they pay for their own sins.

Lee: Still the aided ones keep the lamp burning, and make a protest on behalf of Rationalism against Superstition.

Harcourt: My dear Lee, it is just your fetish of Rationalism which is doing these places to death. What is wanted is a little more reverence. I went to one of your churches a Sunday morning not long ago, and saw the minister put his hat on the communion table, and then present himself in the pulpit with a Norfolk jacket and a red tie!

Baldwin: If Harcourt doesn't want to make us laugh, he means that, I suppose, as a probable indication of a general spirit.

Mapps: Oh! rubbish! A minister isn't a master of ceremonies. He is after greater things than the cut of a coat, and we are not going to revive our churches by demanding that men shall appear in an ecclesiastical uniform. The democratic spirit doesn't set much store by ceremoniousness.

Harcourt: True, O Mapps; but where is your democracy or democratic spirit in a congregation of five small shopkeepers, seven children, and three pensioners from the mothers' meeting?

Baldwin: We must distinguish. No doubt our churches suffer and have suffered from the absence of what Harcourt is driving at—a sufficient and orderly and appropriately æsthetic expression of the religious life in worship. In our hatred of Formalism we have perhaps gone to other extremes of "free-and-easiness" in our services. But the decadence of our smaller churches is due to something deeper than the want of beauty, pomp, reverence, and stateliness in the conduct of worship. In my mind, the pitiable condition of things revealed by Baxter's census, yet not new to any of us, only adds emphasis to a growing conviction that our churches need a more definite organisation.

Baxter: Organisation! You have nothing to organise. You can organise nine living men, but how can you organise nine dead corpses?

Lee: Come, come; churches are not dead because their membership is scanty, and we have no reason to complain of the smallness of a congregation if its members are really progressive. Numbers are no test of spiritual influence.

Baldwin: Lee, my son, we have heard that before, and in fact we are rather sick of it. It has become a kind of *cantus* among us, and has done a good deal of mischief. We ought not to be content with preaching to 20 people, when perhaps by reconsidering our methods we might preach to 200. There is too much of the smug self-satisfaction among us that our scanty numbers show how superior we are to popularity. The more people I can get into my church the better for them and the better for the warmth and power of one's preaching. So many of our churches fail because they are solitary and are left too much to themselves. They want direction as well as monetary help. Unless we can bring them into some sort of system, some organisation of the churches which shall bear them along as upon a strong tide, we must make up our minds that they will go under.

Mapps: But how can you bring them into a system and at the same time secure and retain that precious thing—freedom?

Baldwin: I am not quite sure but that we have made too much of our freedom. Freedom is not an end; it is only a means—the condition of activity, spontaneity, and fruitful effort. I know some of our men who are ready to exclaim: "Me this unchartered freedom tires." As one said to me not long ago: "For thirty years I have been bragging of freedom, the freedom of our ministers and churches, and it hasn't been the good I tried to make it out. I begin to feel I would gladly give up some of my freedom to do as I please, if a wise authority would tell me just what to do, and would prescribe for me the line I should follow."

Harcourt: Hear! hear! I have told you many times that our churches need a proper appreciation of the great Catholic principle of authority.

Baxter: Yes, we know, and the authority is to be Harcourt. Our problem, it seems to me, is how to secure the maximum benefit of organisation with the minimum of authority. There are people like Harcourt, who think organisation is impossible without a creed, but Lee wouldn't sign a creed, even if he wrote it himself. Yet I am not sure that organisation is our first want. "'Tis life whereof our means

are scant." Is not a revival of religious life our deepest need? Will not everything else come about if we can secure that?

Baldwin: Baxter, do you see those rooks in yonder clump of trees? How busy they are organising their new homes! The end which moves them to this labour is the young life coming to birth. That is everything, yet not without organised homes can life come to perfection. And their homes are not solitary. They feel the instinct of fellowship and neighbourhood. There is union. Some act as sentries to warn the tribe of danger; some are sent out as scouts; never does a farmer for two miles round drive a furrow across his field but in five minutes a scout returns with the news, and they are off to pick up a meal. The life of the young brood is the end, but what combination is necessary to its accomplishment—what an effective organisation they contrive. Now it is perfectly true that the deepest need of our churches is life, but a revival of religious life will not take place until some *means* and *agencies* are employed for that end. The object of better organisation is the quickening and nourishing of life. We want to bring the means, the spirit, the life of the whole body of our churches to bear upon every part and portion of them. Read an article on "Organisation" in this week's *Christian Life*. The writer's point of view is not exactly mine, and I do not agree with him that magnifying our "ism" will bring us strength. But when he points to struggling churches, some of which are without ministers, some of which can ill afford to pay the miserable stipends that they do pay their pastors, when he reminds us of the spasmodic efforts of our societies, which themselves are so poverty-stricken, of new efforts not sufficiently sustained, and old churches falling into decay, and tells us that our hope is organisation, I entirely agree. None of our churches are really strong when compared with the great orthodox communions, but the condition of many of our smaller churches is little short of a scandal. And I see no hope unless we can come together in some kind of union or federation.

Mapps: But that points to flat Presbyterianism.

Baldwin: Must I remind the company of Carlyle's flat pantheism and flat poltheism! I don't care what "ism" it is so long as it brings us closer together in a true fellowship. I know the difficulties, and it may seem that where Martineau failed we can hardly hope to succeed. I know it is difficult to reconcile the two good things, freedom and organisation, but if they are good separately there must be some possibility of bringing them into harmonious relation.

(The conversation then wandered off into other matters, and our reporter fell asleep).

The Chapel in the Heart.

There is a chapel in my heart,
Where one blest image lies;
Oft times I love to steal apart
And gaze into its eyes;
For when the world's dull toil and care
Weighs on my weary mind,
I turn as to a house of prayer,
And secret comfort find.

And when I look upon that face
My heart is full of joy,
For never there is evil trace,
Nor aught that can annoy.
And there no sign of ill or harm,
Of wrong or woe can tell,
And nothing can undo the charm,
Or break the magic spell.

For every nature there is rest,
And beauty smiles for all;
The mind may own its kingdom blest,
The soul in worship fall.
And then when darkest moments hide
Where earthly pleasures shine,
Perpetual glory doth abide
Within this secret shrine.

So in the chapel of thy heart,
Find thou thy happiest hour,
To others, thence, its joys impart,
And rule with royal power.
The influence of thy life shall gleam
Out of thy heart of gold,
And richer than enchantment's dream
In blessings shall unfold.

Torquay. E. B. Russell.

"Obedience must be the struggle and desire of our life. Obedience, not hard and forced, but ready, loving and spontaneous; the doing of duty not merely that the duty may be done, but that the soul in doing it may become capable of receiving and uttering God."—*Phillips Brooks.*

Sister Dora.

"A SAINT OF THESE LATTER DAYS."

The only statue raised to a woman in any English town is that at Walsall, of Sister Dora represented in this picture. There is therefore little possibility that in this part of the "Black Country" any can forget her noble story; but, since she died one Christmas Eve, nearly a quarter of a century has passed away, and a new generation is making history.

To look at the marble figure is to gain a good idea of her character. Outwardly tall, stately, powerful, she was inwardly high spirited, strong willed, devoted, with brave heart and firm mind. From those keen eyes and mobile lips came quick flashes of glance or speech, sometimes of laughing fun, sometimes of burning indignation, but always of warm sympathy for human suffering. Her voice was clear and rich in tone, commanding or consoling according to the occasion; issuing prompt orders in time of crisis, or singing hymns by dying beds and saying prayers in the long night watches. It is a face and pose which at once inspire confidence and make one wish to have seen and known her in the flesh. We cannot wonder that Walsall's inhabitants raised aloft her statue in their midst. "I want her to be there," said one of them with reverent pride, "so that when strangers come to the place and see her standing up, they shall ask us 'Who's that?' And then we shall say, 'Why, that's *our* Sister Dora.'"

For her full story one must go to Miss Lonsdale's biography, which is cheaply accessible to everybody. Although considered not quite satisfactory, it laid hold of England on its publication, and still draws readers to its heroine. The main facts of her too brief career easily fall into order.

The daughter of a Yorkshire rector, born and bred on the edge of a North Riding moor, living in and loving the free, open air, Dorothy Wyndlaw Pattison, sister of Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln, was known when young as "Sunshine"—a name which well describes both her habits and her disposition.

The girl makes the woman, and at 29, fretting against home restraint, and longing for scope and work, she left her father's house, and for three lonely years was a schoolmistress in a Buckinghamshire village.

She next, without her father's wish, joined the Good Samaritan Sisters, a High Church Order exacting unconditional obedience, and by them was sent to Walsall, as nurse, to a small cottage hospital. Her father falling seriously ill, she sought permission to go and see him, as was natural, but the Sisters imposed a blank refusal; she obeyed, and her father died without his daughter at his side.

The shock of this news opened her eyes at last to her wilfulness and this false obedience. Even a Saint may make mistakes and suffer the agonies of remorse! She plunged into arduous service for others by way of practical penance, soon

became a remarkably skilful surgical nurse, gained the unbounded confidence of both doctors and patients in the Walsall hospitals, worked healing miracles after appalling accidents, held to her post through three small-pox epidemics, passed fearlessly into the lowest streets and houses, faced constant dangers from contagious or delirious cases, and thus, through eleven long loving years of grandly heroic labours, set an example hard to parallel.

Then, without warning, death laid his hand upon her and struck her down with incurable cancer! She kept the terrible fact a secret for a whole year, until outward symptoms could be hidden no longer. "Let me die among my own people" was her prayer. She lingered on in ever-increasing pain until the new hospital was opened "in Sister Dora's name," and then, on Christmas Eve, 1878, she died alone in an empty room, alone, yet not alone; and weeping thousands went to her burying.

All honour to Sister Dora—and to those like her! Gifted with powers beyond the average of her sex, she gave *herself* and her gifts to humanity's direst needs, with that uttermost love and labour than which there can be none greater.

FRANK K. FREESTON.

Notes and Jottings.

A pamphlet has been issued by the American Unitarian Association on "The Unitarian Church: its history and characteristics." At the time of going to press it has not come into our hands, but we understand that it is of a semi-official character, and consists of a temperate and reasoned plea for recognition. It has called forth an interesting comment from the American correspondent of the *Christian World*, whose initials, J. M. W., stand, if we mistake not, for the well-known name of Dr. Whiton. He acknowledges quite frankly the great influence of Unitarian thinkers and the growth of an implicit Unitariamism in the religious thought of other denominations. It is perhaps the part of wise men not to be too anxious to claim credit for themselves. If the thought of the world is becoming more liberal, the source of its liberalism is of quite secondary importance. Still there is great pertinence in the question, "whether existing facts do not condemn persistence in the reproach and proscription of Unitarians that have prevailed in the past; and whether their alleged dificiencies, whatever they are, might not be more effectively and christianly dealt with in the way of fraternity and Christian fellowship."

By the way Dr. Whiton speaks of Unitarian mission work as being "distinctively literary rather than evangelistic." To a considerable extent the description is probably justified. We rely far more upon the quiet persuasion of argument than upon the methods of revivalism. Not only the language of popular evangelistic effort but its whole way of looking at the religious life, as consisting of episodes of repentance and conversion, is strange to us. The fact that we do not feel at home in the over-charged atmosphere of the prayer-meeting makes practical co-operation in religious work and worship with many of our fellow-christians difficult. There is, it is true, a good deal of missionary effort going on quietly among us, though not nearly so much as we should like to see, which is evangelical in the best sense of the word, full of quiet persuasiveness and instinct with personal sympathy and love. But we should be a greater force in the world than we are if we could add to the breadth and lucidity of our thought more religious fervour and a genuine passion for souls. There is a great deal in emphasis, and perhaps the danger of liberal religion is to rely too much upon appeals to the intelligence and to concern itself too little with Christianity as a message of redemption for the sin and suffering of the world.

Speaking of "fraternity and Christian fellowship" it is interesting to note the plea recently put forward by Canon Henson, of Westminster, for more fraternal relations between the Church of England and the great Nonconformist bodies. His attitude is causing a good deal of fluttering in clerical dove-cotes for he is prepared even to surrender the historic episcopate as non-essential for the sake of practical co-operation. Speaking recently in the City Road Wesleyan Chapel, Canon Henson said that only two methods were possible if there was to be harmony and spiritual fellowship among Christians, the method of

conquest and the method of conciliation. The method of conquest had been a failure and their hope for the future lay in conciliation. There is here no trace of the religious complacency with which many Churchmen invite Nonconformists to heal "our unhappy divisions" by an unconditional surrender. The attitude of patronage has been a great stumbling block in the past. It is refreshing to find it abandoned so completely, with such an evident desire for conciliation and mutual understanding. The various Nonconformist bodies might with advantage take a hint from Canon Henson in relation to the differences which exist among themselves, and their own prejudices, often as stupid as they are ungenerous towards the Church of England.

A Schedule has been published by the Congregational Union, giving statistical information of the growth of Congregationalism and the provision made by the Free Churches generally for the rapidly increasing population of the larger towns. The average accommodation in the Nonconformist churches in 44 towns, from which returns have been made, is for 16·6 per cent. of the population. This proportion seems lamentably small. No figures are given for the Church of England, but upon the most generous estimate we must be within the mark in saying that there is not church accommodation for 50 per cent. of the population in the large urban centres. In many directions towns are growing too rapidly. The new problems are crowding upon us. In no direction is the outlook more serious than it is for religion. How are these vast aggregates of population to be brought to feel its influence? Their great danger is the loss of all spiritual vitality. Besides the greatness of the need and the social menace of a population which feels neither the restraint nor the inspiration of religion, all questions of domestic policy within the Church seem dwarfed into triviality.

It is a cheering sign of growing freedom of thought that a book like Harnack's, "What is Christianity?" is being read so widely. We hope that the publishers may soon give us a cheaper edition; for it has achieved a popular success far beyond that usually meted out to a translation from the German! Meanwhile, it may be well to say to those who have not read it, that it is emphatically a book for the laity. There is nothing dry and technical about it, and the English version is most readable. Another book which should be widely known is Professor Percy Gardner's Jowett Lectures, "A Historic View of the New Testament." It is full of clear and suggestive thought, and can be bought for the price of a one-volume novel.

The death of Dr. A. B. Davidson is a great loss to Biblical scholarship. He spent most of his life, as professor of Hebrew, in New College, Edinburgh, where he had a remarkable influence on his students, and trained some of the foremost Hebrew scholars of our time. He never published much; his best known book, leaving more technical work out of account, is the small volume on Job in the Cambridge Bible for Schools. It has been said of him that he was among the first to edit a book of the Bible in the style of a classic. He had great scholarship and real insight into the religious genius of the Old Testament literature. A still more serious loss to learning has been sustained in the death of Professor C. P. Tiele. He died at Leiden, on January 11th, having just passed his 70th year. Professor Tiele was, without doubt, the greatest and most familiar name among the teachers of the Science of Religion. More than any other man, with the possible exception of Professor Max Müller, he won recognition for his special study, and paved the way for its future admission into the Universities, a position which it has not yet fully secured. His interest in religion was, however, far from being merely scientific. His lofty intellectual attainments were combined with a simple piety and a genuine devotion to the work of the Dutch Remonstrant Church. He was one of the chief pioneers of liberal religion in our time.

"Everything has two handles. by one it can be easily carried; by the other not at all. Thus, if your brother has injured you, do not take hold of this event on the side of the injury, for that handle will not support it, but take hold of it by the other handle, and say, 'Well, he is my brother, after all; we were brought up together in the same house.'"—*Epictetus.*

Unitarian and other Liberal Thinkers on the Incarnation.

II.

The greatest liberal religious thinker, and at the same time unquestionably the greatest Unitarian, of the nineteenth century, was Dr. James Martineau; and our contention that the doctrine of the Incarnation has been taught—in the wider sense which has been sufficiently explained—by prominent representatives of religious liberalism, cannot fail to be strengthened by the quotations from Dr. Martineau's writings, which will be submitted in this further instalment of extracts. Let it be noted that, while the earliest of these passages are dated from 1839, precisely the same doctrinal outlook is denoted by those occurring in writings which Martineau published forty years later, viz., in 1879, showing that whatever changes his views had undergone in other respects, his adherence to this particular doctrine was unwavering. This circumstance is the more interesting because Martineau did not allow the re-publication of a work like the "Rationale," for the very reason that he had outgrown and abandoned some of the opinions expressed in that volume. No unprejudiced reader, we feel assured, will peruse these extracts without being impressed by the testimony they afford to the unchanging nature of Martineau's fundamental conception of the nature and function of Christ; and that which was with him the conviction of a life-time finds its final expression in the noble volume of Home Prayers (1891), where he yet once more asseverates his belief that God sent His Word "to speak in the prophets and live in His Son."

"Jesus of Nazareth we accept, not indeed as very God, but as the true image of God commissioned to show, what no written doctrinal record could declare, the entire moral perfection of the Deity." "Faith in Christ is an acknowledgment of him as the highest impersonation of divine excellence and inspired insight yet given to the world; a trust in him as the only realised type of perfection that can mediate for us between ourselves and God." "In Christ alone is the reconciliation perfect between the human and the divine . . . this once was God's idea purely realised. But the same two natures meet in us all: and He is but the exemplar of a perpetual incarnation—of a living and constant union of God with our humanity."—MARTINEAU, "Lectures in the Liverpool Unitarian Controversy," 1839.

"Variously mingled, at times almost quenched, in the shadows of our lower humanity, His light has never, it may be, save in one Son of Man, cleared itself of every mist, and transfigured our nature to its proper glory; but still, this Headship of Christ is Membership to us, and makes us one with him as partakers of the same Spirit.—MARTINEAU, "The God of the Living," 1864.

"In that supernatural revelation of God which stands unique, 'the Word made flesh,'—the divine life humanised and the human glorified,—the blending of both in communion and reconciliation, culminate the intermittent visions of God: it was not tidal only, it is once for all; and as it was supreme, it was solitary too." — MARTINEAU, "Hours of Thought," vol. I, 1876.

"We expect no help in our approach to God and ascent to higher duty, except through the hierarchy of greater and holier minds; but we see in Jesus Christ the supreme term in that hierarchy, the realisation of life in God."—MARTINEAU, ibid.

"It is fit that, amid the diversities of partial examples and ideals, there should be *one* outward standard of all that is sacred and holy; that once in history God should not simply *visit* a soul, but wholly occupy it; that He should so extend His presence there as to exclude whatever would oppose itself, and reveal the perfect relation between the human spirit and the divine. Herein lie the "grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ."—MARTINEAU, "Hours of Thought," vol. II, 1879.

"When we announce that once in history, He who lives in us in proportion to our purity of heart, did entirely occupy a human soul, so as to express through it His love, His pity, and the beauty of His holiness; when we teach that while nature is His work, and man His image spoiled by the touch of our poor art, Christ is His portraiture drawn by the rays of His own light: we are told that such a faith is mere self-exaggeration; that to look on any member of our kind as the vehicle of a moral incarnation is a conceited over-estimate of our position, etc."—MARTINEAU, ibid.*

"I know not whether others can draw a sharp line of separation between the human spirit and the divine, and can clearly say where their own soul ends, and God's communion begins, but for myself, with closest thought, I confess my darkness, and can only say that somehow He certainly stirs among our higher affections, and mingles with the action of our proper nature. If, in Christ, this divine margin was not simply broader than elsewhere, but spread till it covered the whole soul, and brought the human into moral coalescence with the divine, then was God not merely *represented* by a foreign and resembling being, but *personally there*, giving expression to His spiritual nature."—MARTINEAU, ibid.

"If there is to be any expression of the Divine *character* at all, it can only be through the lineaments of an *individual soul*, passing through a *con-*

* Was Martineau, then, attacked for teaching the Incarnation? His words certainly seem to convey that impression.

crete and particular life. A visible person entirely holy, living and dying in simple truth and pure obedience. . . . a being of sweet and tender humanities, yet transfigured with the intimate converse of divine realities; a spirit, in short, at once grand and gracious as that of Jesus; bears down upon us with a persuasion which neither the whispers of our natural heart, nor the thunders of supernatural power, can ever exercise. *Such a one stands openly between our thought and God.* . . . Whom else could He send to show us the approaches to Himself, and set us in the true direction for the highest of all? . . . Such a meditorial mind becomes to us an objective revelation, scattering our doubts of God, and giving authoritative truth to the faint oracles of our better selves."—MARTINEAU, Ibid.

"We do not assert that Dr. Martineau has *fully developed* in his writings this profound and inspiring conception of the living presence, or incarnation of God in Nature, and especially in the self-consciousness of His human offspring . . . but we do emphatically assert that Dr. Martineau has not left it at all doubtful that he clearly recognised the truth and far-reaching influence of this conception of God's immanence in nature and humanity. . . . The Christian Church is just now beginning to reap, in the widely spreading views concerning God's Incarnation in all souls, and *par excellence* in Jesus, the precious . . . . fruits of that ancient conception of the essentially Divine nature of the world's representative prophet and saint, which was providentially stereotyped in the ancient creeds.—Rev. Prof. C. B. UPTON, B.A., B.Sc.

"A critic in our own day . . . cannot accept the doctrine of the miraculous birth without allowing his intellect to take, in relation to Christian history, a line which he would repudiate in dealing with other history; but he cannot entirely give up the doctrine of the Incarnation without great spiritual loss." "If the will of Jesus was in perfest harmony with that of the Father in heaven, *that would at once constitute an Incarnation*, and enable us, as it were, to see the Divine will acting under human conditions, and yet remaining Divine."—Prof. PERCY GARDNER, Litt.D., "Exploratio Evangelica."

"The Incarnation of the Son of God is not and cannot be any unnatural event, any interruption or dislocation of the natural order. He is the fulfilment and completion of nature and human nature. He brings to perfect expression the Word which was in the beginning, and to which nature has given, in the increasing purpose of the ages, an articulate voice."—Rev. Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

"The historic hour when the Word became flesh, we call by pre-eminence the Incarnation, since in Christ the Divine Word finds fullest utterance. But it is no detached event; it is the issue of an eternal process of utterance, the Word 'whose goings forth,' as Micah said, 'have been from everlasting.' Worthiest to bear the name of *the* Son of God in a pre-eminent, but not exclusive right is he."—Rev. Dr. J. M. WHITON (quoted by Dr. Gladden).

"*A series of doctrines which will contain all that is true in the Incarnation is an ideal to attract us all. The doctrinal poverty of liberal Theism is very great; even worse is our frequent indifference to the root ideas, the spiritual truths contained in the orthodox statements.*"—Rev. H. Gow, B.A.

It must be left to our readers to determine how far the preceding utterances, which might easily have been amplified, bear out our initial assertion, viz., that there is to-day a large body of competent and representative thinkers who teach the doctrine of the Incarnation of God in all men, and supremely in Jesus Christ; and that this use of the term is a legitimate and proper one. Whether the doctrine in question be in itself a true one, is a point we have not here to discuss; we close simply by recording our conviction that upon the answer Unitarians generally show themselves prepared to give to that question, much will depend for the future of Unitarianism as a living Church.

Soul-saving.

It seems to me like a selfish cry,—
This telling a man that the only thing
Of any importance here below
Is saving himself from a future sting.

Far nobler, far better, it seems to me,
To tell a man to save some other;
To send him up and down through the world,
Seeking and saving his fallen brother;

To put him off from the beaten track,
Out into the hedges of sin and shame,
To teach and to tell to the captives there
The bounty and glory of virtue's name;

To rescue the starving one from death;
To rescue the sinning one from crime;
To preach the gospel of present help
To the weary ones on the shores of time;

To seek out those whom the world forgets;
To plant a flower on a nameless grave;
To hide the erring one in the heart,
And strengthen it with a purpose brave;

To do to the little ones of God
The things which the world does to the great;
To walk the world with a purpose grand,
And, with eye on the final good, to wait.

If a man does this, I dare affirm
That he can afford to forego all care
About going to heaven, and give his whole time
To the work of getting his neighbour there.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Art and Life.

SOME FIRST WORDS.

Art, like Literature, is very closely connected with Life. Indeed, it is only one of its higher expressions. Great art is the outcome of noble thought and conduct. It is only to be found among great ideas and doings. A nation that has a feeling for beauty—and nearly every nation has some—as it makes progress or declines in spiritual vigour produces a rising or a falling Art, whether in painting, architecture, or sculpture. Indeed, probably nothing so quickly or with such subtle truth shows the change. And for this reason, that pictures, sculptures, and buildings express *the people's pleasure*—what the people like to have, or are *willing to tolerate*, in their houses, galleries, and streets. *Art never tells a lie.* I mean, if you have eyes to see and hearts to understand, and much depends on this, you may see at once in a work of art the sort of man who did it, and the sort of people who paid for it, whether he and they cared for noble or ignoble beauty, whether they were fine or careless workers, whether they were sensible or insensible to a sham, a show, or a vulgarity. True, you may see something of this in any kind of work—in a book, a piece of cloth, or the cleaning of a room; but in a work of art it is entire and instantaneous. The faith, the strength, the rich and varied life, the soaring ideals of the Middle Ages, are written on Westminster Abbey; the intelligence, the knowledge, the pride and pomp and paganism of the Renaissance on St. Paul's. A walk through the Florentine Rooms in the National Gallery will speak to you better than any history of the rare qualities which made Florence one of the greatest of Medieval cities, whilst the height and fall of Venice are unmistakable in the pictures of the Venetian collection. And if you want to know what the English people care about at the present day, the people, I mean, who have the means of expressing and guiding opinion, you may see it more clearly and emphatically in an afternoon at the Royal Academy than by a twelvemonth's reading of the *Times*. This is so obvious that it would be a mere truism if there were not an idea, prevalent among us from Puritan days, that Art is merely a plaything, a pursuit for light and shallow minds, and not for men and women of a serious turn; that to love colour is a mark of levity, or to care for a pretty house or a picture a sign of a worldly and luxurious temper. *But you may see the limitations of the Puritan himself, his want of love and cheerfulness and joy, his self-conscious and self-centred life, in his preference for dingy and dowdy surroundings, in his thanklessness and almost contempt for the beauty and glory of God's creation.* If there is one thing certain, next to God's righteousness, it is that the Creator loves beauty and works for beauty in everything He has made. Look at Nature—at the colour of the skies, and flowers, and precious stones, of the Alps, the sea, the autumn woods; the forms of leaves and trees and hills; the mystery and infinite range of the cloud-world; the delicacy and brilliancy of birds and insects; the charm of children's faces, and all the varied beauty of expression in the countenances of good men and women. Now, if we care about the beauty of God's works, if we really have an eye for them and an affection for them, and delight to see them and think of them, and find relief in them from the ugliness that the hand of man too often inflicts upon us, then surely, especially when engaged in the midst of our daily business, it is a refreshment to catch a glimpse of anything that reminds us of the attraction and loveliness and completeness of God's creations. A picture on the wall, that recalls a bit of quiet landscape—a cornfield or a pool with rushes, and a flight of swallows—a piece of sculpture that awakens something of our joy in a spray of ivy or an oak tree, a homely gabled roof across the street that suggests the northern snows and the forest, the pattern of a leaf or a star and the colours of the rainbow cast upon the office floor by a Gothic window, give pleasure and sweetness to the drugery of the day. *It is the busy, earnest people in our cities who need art most, and when they really get it they enjoy it most keenly.*

E. I. F.

"Train yourself to find the good in what seems evil, to make of disaster an opportunity for your courage, to master suffering by patience, to learn from sorrow sympathy."—*G. S. Merriam.*

"Three things avail to solve the great problem of life—Endurance, Submission, and Active Duty. Endure what befalls thee, submit to the will of God in love and trust, and ceaselessly do thy duty to all men."—*Mozoomdar.*

News from the Field.

The space you can afford for a mere record of work done and doing among our Churches is so limited that details cannot be given from month to month. Many of these details, though interesting in themselves, and especially to the persons and congregations concerned, have no general significance, and need no permanent record. They are pleasant and profitable, but may here be passed over with a kindly recognition that they are proofs of good feeling and energy, and productive of blessings to those concerned in them.

At this season of the year work in all our Churches is at high pressure. Ministers and people alike are active. Seed-sowing is going on in all parts of the field, and, under God's blessing, a harvest in His good time is looked for. Whether we are as active as some of our brethren around us is open to fair question, but, as one who has looked over our field of work for many years past, I have no hesitation in saying that we were never so active, united, and earnest as we are to-day. Our success, as gauged by outward results, may be disappointing, but we are trying to deserve, even if we do not receive, great results.

The finest piece of work done during the last few months was accomplished by Professor Carpenter, whose name will ever rank highest in connection with the Superannuation Fund.

Our Colleges have had their annual meetings, and both Oxford and Manchester had a good report to give. They go their separate ways and do good work. Some of our friends wish they could be united in one large academy. At present, even if ever, that seems to be impossible. But full co-operation between them is gradually growing up, and, in some respects, they are now abreast of each other. They are fairly supplied with students now, but as yet they fail to furnish the needful body of men to carry on the work of our Churches. What we should do were it not for the steady stream of picked men who come to us from other Churches I cannot tell. But the Committees and Professors of both Colleges are to be commended for the good work they are doing, and aiming to do.

There are still vacant pulpits among us, which I hope will soon be filled up, and there are some good men in the field ready for work when the proper sphere can be found.

We welcome the Rev. R. H. Greaves into the pastorate of Highgate Church in London as a successor to Robert Spears. Both were Methodists. Mr. Greaves was a Methodist minister, and they represent energy and spiritual fervour.

Very pleasing was the ceremony at Bank Street, Bury, when gold and silver medals were given to scholars who had made ten or five successive years of regular attendances at the Sunday School. The recipients will be a band of apostles among the other scholars.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the Southampton congregation are to be congratulated on the generous gifts they have received from Field-Marshal Sir Nevill Chamberlain. These benefactions of living men have a double value, both to givers and receivers.

Our old congregation at Lancaster is just now enriched by the substantial bequest of £2000 from one of its old members.

Mr. John A. Kenrick has given a fine likeness of our late honoured friend and worker, Dr. Crosskey, to be hung side by side with other great workers on the walls of Essex Hall. Dr. Crosskey is one of those who will speak with inspiration and power to many earnest souls in days that yet will be.

I understand that young Mr. Voysey, of Burnley, has received an invitation to the Church at West Bromwich. Should he accept, he will find a fine field of usefulness open before him.

I note, with regret, some signs of a possible friction between the friends of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and the friends of our Triennial Conference. It seems to me uncalled for. Each has its separate sphere in which it can do splendid work—the one representing a body of devoted individuals who are eager for the spread of Unitarianism, and who are ready to give and to work for that purpose; and the other acting as a spiritual bond of union between our scattered Churches, and bringing them together in loving co-operation, making them stronger by the bond of sympathy, and thrilling them with a common hope and aspiration. Let writers and speakers keep these things well in view, and both institutions will grow stronger, and be helpful of each other.

SCRUTATOR.

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Bible Class Lessons, by the Rev. Henry Gow, B.A.;
"Noble Women" (with portraits), Rev. F. K. Freeston;
"Parables in Great Pictures," Rev. E. I. Fripp, B.A.;
and sermons by many of our best preachers. Among other contributors for the New Year we have pleasure in announcing George Macdonald, Revs. S. A. Brooke, M.A., R. A. Armstrong, B.A., C. Hargrove, M.A., E. W. Lummis, M.A., and E. L. H. Thomas, M.A.

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Letters for the Editor to be sent to 120, Gough Road, Birmingham.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Snowdrops.

Little ladies, white and green,
With your spears above you,
Will you tell us where you've been
Since we lived without you?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces;
In the dark earth where you've been
There are wondrous places:

Yet you come again, serene,
When the leaves are hidden;
Bringing joy from where you've been
You return unbidden—

Little ladies, white and green,
Are you glad to cheer us?
Hunger not for where you've been,
Stay till spring be near us.

LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

The Mouse.

Little master mouse,
You'd better leave this house;
Crumbs are scarce upon the floor,
And pussy sleeps behind the door.
Mousie, soft and grey,

I wish you'd run away!
Cook will catch you in a trap,
And mice mayn't sit in mother's lap.

Mustard and Cress.

Elizabeth, my cousin, is the sweetest little girl,
From her eyes, like dark blue pansies, to her tiniest golden curl;
I do not use her great long name, but simply call her Bess,
And yesterday I planted her in mustard and in cress.

My garden is so narrow that there's very little room,
But I'd rather have her name than get a hollyhock to bloom;
And before she comes to visit us with Charley and with Jess,
She'll pop up green and bonny out of mustard and of cress.

NORMAN GALE.

Young Hopeful.

He's finished off his indiarubber doll;
He's settled once for all his tambourine;
He's skinned his nurse's Sunday parasol;
And he's had some fun with mother's new machine.
That machine, his mother'll fail to recognise it:
The wheels are stuck, and quite refuse to work;
And the sinner's name, I need not advertise it—
It's our charming and incorrigible Turk.
Oh, he's quite the biggest rip
You could meet on any trip,
Yet we own there is a kind of charm about him:
He's in mischief all day long,
And for ever doing wrong,—
But the world would be an empty place without him!

He climbs the steps, and nearly tumbles down;
He climbs the bath, and nearly tumbles in;
And when you meet his failings with a frown,
He goes and meets your scolding with a grin.
He's so venturesome he drives us half demented,
And he's got a will that no coercion tames;
And I guess the fender is not yet invented
That will keep the Turk from getting near the flames.
Oh, he's just the style of ape
That is always in a scrape,
And one wonders why his parents rave about him:
He's in mischief all day long,
And for ever doing wrong,—
But the world would be an empty place without him!

To quietness he isn't much inclined—
He much prefers to romp and shout and crow;
And he generally isn't far behind
When there's anything exciting on the go.
His appetite for "chokky" is tremendous,
For "bikky," too, and cake of every sort;
And from his wailings may the stars defend us
When supply of these commodities runs short.
Oh, he's just the sort of scamp
You'd dispose of to a tramp—
There is little of the "angel boy" about him!
He's in mischief all day long,
And for ever doing wrong,—
But the world would be an empty place without him!

Of games he likes the kind that make a din;
Of pastimes those in which he may get hurt;
For appearances he doesn't care a pin,
Nor is he what you'd call averse to dirt.
For what career he may be an aspirant
Is a question which we frequently discuss:
We believe he'll make a very first-rate tyrant,
Or a brigand chief . . . or pirate . . . which is *wuss*.
Oh, he's just the kind of "limb,"
Full of mischief to the brim,
Yet we *fancy* there's a sort of charm about him.
He's in trouble all day long,
And for ever doing wrong,—
But the world would be an empty place without him!

J. WARSCHAUER.